

Beck, Heartland Feeling

I'm totally fucked up. I can barely speak. I'm totally fucked up.
They gave me so many drugs. But, uh... I'm gonna be here... Alright,
what we're talkin about here is... is kind of a...
it's a heartland feeling... like, uh, Mellencamp, you
know, kind of a Mellen feeling. Ok, what you gotta
get together is a... some... a heartland folk singer. Uh,
we're gonna need a real quick... uh, John Cougar Mellencamp,
Bruce Spingsteen, Bob Seeger... that type of feeling. A Mellen feeling.
You know, real, uh, powerful, approving music, uh... of a heartland quality,
uh, just powerful straight-forward music. And if you can't get just
the right type of feeling, find someone who will pass and change them.

Old man johnson got his head in his hand
Makin' his way across state in a fiddlin' band
With hair all down in his eyes
And the microphone all covered with flies
When he gets done playin, goes back to his room
Climbs in the bed in his cowboy boots
And he picks up a magazine, turns on the TV
Lights a cigar as he's fallin asleep

Well he's only a person
Who doesn't know shit
Yeah, nothin happenin
That's about it

Yeah

Well little Rosanna came from Texarkana
Had fourteen dollars wrapped in a bandana
Came into town not lookin for much
Well she found a hound dog and she named him Dutch
She got a job at the arcade takin' quarters
But she was never too good at takin' orders
So one night she stopped givin out change
She kicked the boss in the shin and unplugged the games

She's only a person
Who doesn't know shit
Nothin' happenin
That's about it

Ooo ooo
Yeah yeah yeah

Sam got canned at the cannery
He punched out the clock that night
His knuckle was bleeding as he walked home
He was cold and he had a headache
Well his wife was cookin canned beans
He took out all the money out of his jeans
And he set it on fire in the kitchen sink
As his wife handed him a drink

He was only a person
Who didn't know shit
Nothin happenin
That's about it

Oh yeah
Ooo ooo ooo

Smiler was lookin' for handouts
Sleepin' in an abandoned lighthouse

Down at the mini-mall shakin his hat
Washin' windows with his bare hand
He found a sports car
With the keys in the ignition
It just seemed so easy
He took a joyride, drove it into a hedge
Came out with the steering wheel wrapped around his head

Well he's only a person
Who doesn't know shit
Nothin happenin
That's about it
Ooo ooo yeah

Well Janie was born in a small town
Everybody just standin around
They had bingo games and the raffle
Everybody chewin tobacco
Well she grew up kinda restless
All her boyfriends wanted to be dentists
Well, she got a job at the truck stop
And she got old fast and never did what she wanted

She's only a person
Who doesn't know shit
Nothin happenin
That's about it

Yea yeah yeah
Oh yeah
[etc.]